

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

You haue no children diuels, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,  
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,  
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,  
As traitors you haue done this sweet young Prince.

*Edw.* Away, and beare her hence.

*Queene.* Nay nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,  
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not ?  
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

*Cla.* By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

*Queene.* Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

*Cla.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it ?

*Queen.* I, but thou vst to forswear thy selfe,  
Twas sinne before, but now tis charity.  
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,  
*Richard* where art thou ? He is not here,  
Murder is his almes-deed,  
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

*Edw.* Away I say, and take her hence perforce.

*Qu.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

*Edw.* *Clarence*, whether is *Gloster* gone ?

*Cla.* Marry my Lord to London, and as I guesse,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.  
Well, discharge the common soldiours with pay  
and thanks, and now lets toward London,  
To see our gentle *Queene* how she doth fare,  
For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard ?

*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should say rather,  
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,  
Good *Gloster*, and good *Diuell*, were all alike,  
What scene of death hath *Rosins* now to act ?

*Glo.* Suspicion alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

*of Yorke and Lancaster*

*Hen.* The bird once limde, doth feare the  
And I the haplesse maile to one poore bird,  
Haue now the fatall obiekt in mine eie,  
Where my poore young was limde, was ca

*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of *Cree*  
That taught his soune the office of a bird,  
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was dr

*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,  
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,  
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde  
And thou the enuieft gulfe that swallowed  
Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers  
Then can mine eares that tragicke history.

*Glo.* Why dost thou thinke I am an exec

*Hen.* A persecutor I am sure thou art,  
And if murdering innocents be executions,  
Then I know thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy sonne I kild for his presumption

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kild when first thou  
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of min  
And thus I prophesie of thee.

That many a widow for her husbands deat  
And many an infants water standing eie,  
Widowes for their husbands, children for t  
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert bo  
The Owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe  
Thenight Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tu  
Dogs howld, and hideous tempests shook

The Rauens rookt her on the Chimnies top,  
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,  
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine  
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers  
To wit: an vndigest created lump,  
Nor like the fruite of such a goodly tree;  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou w  
To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world;  
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,

*Hen.*